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Hoar, George Frisbie

American citizenship

Iowa City, Iowa

1903

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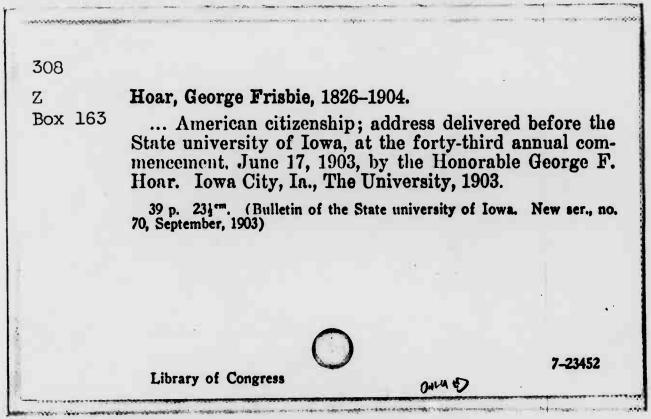

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BULLETIN OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
NEW SERIES NO. 70 SEPTEMBER, 1903

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

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ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, AT THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 17, 1903

BY THE

HONORABLE GEORGE F. HOAR

PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY
IOWA CITY, IOWA
1903

THE UNIVERSITY BULLETINS PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY ARE ISSUED EVERY SIX WEEKS DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, AT LEAST SIX NUMBERS EVERY CALENDAR YEAR. ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT IOWA CITY AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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FEB. 20, 1925 AE

PREFATORY NOTE.

At the Forty-third Annual Commencement of the State University of Iowa, the address upon "American Citizenship" was given, upon invitation of the Board of Regents, by the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar, LL. D., of Massachusetts. He was introduced by the Honorable William Boyd Allison, LL. D., of Iowa. At the conclusion of the exercises His Excellency, Albert B. Cummins, the Governor of the State and the President of the Board of Regents, presented the Honorable William Boyd Allison, and the senior dean, Amos Noyes Currier, presented the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar, to the President of the University, who, upon the authority of the Board of Regents, conferred upon them the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF SENATOR WILLIAM BOYD ALLISON.

President MacLean, The Faculty, Regents, Students and the Alumni of the University:

I thank you for this cordial and generous greeting. I congratulate you upon this auspicious closing day of the University year.

It gives me great pleasure to participate in the exercises of the day. Your President has assigned to me a most honorable and agreeable task. We have with us one who, at some considerable personal sacrifice, honors us with his presence. He comes from an ancient commonwealth distinguished in all our history for its eminent men, of whom he is one of the most eminent, who have contributed largely to the history of our country in every place of peril, distinction and honor. He cherishes as his Alma Mater the most ancient and renowned University on the continent.

We welcome him here to one of the new states carved out of the great purchase of a century ago, and to its new University created and supported by the State, and extend to him our appreciation of his high character and worth. I need not speak of the great services of Senator Hoar during his long active and strenuous life, but I cannot refrain from saying of him and for him that he has achieved high eminence in the profession of law, and great distinction as a soldier, orator and statesman. He is the oldest member in continuous service in the two Houses of Congress at Washington, where he has served with great distinction. He has contributed his inherited ability, his industry, and his acquirements to the illumination of every great public question discussed in the two Houses during the last thirty-four years. During all this period save two years, I have served with him, and enjoyed his friendship, and have for him the highest personal regard and affection. It has often been my good fortune to listen with rapturous delight to his learning and his eloquence, and I rejoice that this fortune is reserved to you this day, and I have the pleasure now to present to you Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, who will address you.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

That would be a cold heart that was not stirred to its depths by your kindly greeting. It is none the less delightful to me that I know that it is due chiefly to your regard for the venerable Commonwealth from which I come, rather than to any deserving of mine.

There can be no need to tell this brilliant company that I account your invitation to visit Iowa, to meet the scholars of your famous University, as one of the chief and crowning honors that have come to me in a long public life.

I am glad to see your eminent statesman, my associate and friend of many years, now entering upon his sixth term of an illustrious public service in the Senate, at home among his neighbors. Wherever in the country he may go he will be at home among his friends.

We New England people take pride in the great men of our early history, the Puritan warriors, the martyrs and exiles, the men who built for us, and for you, the foundations of empire. But I think we take more pride than in any other in John Winthrop, the founder and Governor of Massachusetts. An old annalist said of him: "He was indeed a governor who had most exactly studied that book which pretended to teach politics, but contained only three leaves, and but one word on each of those leaves, which word was, 'Moderation.' "

I do not believe we shall cite Mr. Allison as an example of the statesmanship of the procession and the brass band. He has shown high quality for a variety of important service in our Republican army. I incline to think he would fail as trumpeter. For thirty-six years, counting the term now begun,—more than three-fifths of the entire life of Iowa, your State has called him to the highest place in her gift. For all that time his

companions in the Senate have called him to the most difficult and responsible places in theirs. Ever since the Civil War the prosperity and comfort of the American people so far as legislation affects them, have depended very largely on the policy which has regulated the currency; the standard of value; the protection of American industries; and the expenditure of the Government. When that period begun, our standard of value far below par in gold, was an irredeemable and fluctuating paper dollar. The amount of our currency depended upon the will of Congress, likely to be swayed one way or the other by an unreasoning popular clamor. The American people from the beginning of our history had depended largely for the necessaries and comforts of life upon the foreign manufacturer. They were weighted down by a vast debt. The ever busy enemy of mankind was tempting them by a thousand voices, and suggesting a thousand devices to get rid of its obligation. The people were complaining and chafing under an expenditure of little more than four hundred millions a year, including the interest and sinking fund.

Today the country is planted securely upon the gold standard. The credit of the Republic stands highest among all the nations of the world. The public debt, what there is left of it, is no longer an object of anxiety to anybody. The independence of American manufacture has been achieved. We are the foremost manufacturing, and the foremost exporting nation, as well as the wealthiest and strongest among mankind; and the country is expending profitably more than a thousand million dollars a year, without a murmur of discontent anywhere.

It is no exaggeration to say that to this result your senior Senator has contributed more than any other one man. In every conflict of extreme opinions his judgment has, more than any other, turned the scale. He has performed an office for the country not always likely to attract public attention, but after all, an office productive of an infinite sense of safety. The lightning-rod may be a very modest addition to the architecture or ornament of the dwelling. But it gives the inmates

an amazing sense of security. Mr. Allison has been the lightning-rod of the Senate. He has drawn the fire from many a political thunder cloud. During all this time, having a large share in controlling vast public expenditure, in shaping the policies which make vast personal fortunes, which create towns and cities and states, and make them grow, he has kept his hands clean, his integrity unsullied, his way of life modest and frugal—

The action faithful, and the honor clear.

Perhaps in this day of money-getting the University may not think it unbecoming to hold up such a career to the admiration, and emulation of her youth. Possibly it may be better at the end of a long life to look back on such an accomplishment than to have gained by forbidden ways a fortune of a million or a hundred million or a thousand million; or to have owned a fish pond, or a stud of race horses, or a kennel of hounds, or a yacht, or a pleasure garden, or even to have bought a legislature or a seat in the Senate, and to have had life summed up at the end in that saddest of all epitaphs.—

The rich man also died and was buried.

What I have just said of your senior Senator is as creditable to the State as to him. His marvelous hold upon the people of Iowa is no accident. She has kept him in the public service because in that way the best opinion, interest, desire, and moral being of Iowa herself have been kept there in influence and power.

Surely no American can visit Iowa without feeling an honorable pride. Of the States which we owe to the Louisiana Purchase, whose centennial we are celebrating this year, Iowa is the foremost, save one, if we reckon by numbers; and the foremost, without exception, if we reckon by everything else that makes up the strength and the glory of a free State.

The immigration from our older states in general took place because the immigrant was driven from home. Life had become intolerable because of oppression or because of

poverty. The Pilgrim fled from the fury of the bishops; the Puritan from the oppression of Charles and James; the Huguenot from the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The exile sought and found a shelter in the first spot he could reach, however bleak or desolate or inhospitable. But in general, after slavery and freedom had divided between them the territory gained by the Louisiana Purchase, the settlers came to that part of it dedicated to freedom, because on the whole it was the place on the earth's surface in which they would best like to live. They were in general the energetic spirits of the great nations and races from which they came. They chose deliberately for themselves the spot which they thought fittest to make a home. The Saxon and the Celt and the Scandinavian, the Englishman and the Scotsman and the German mingled their streams with the great American tide of men who had been trained for two centuries in republican liberty in the schools of New England and New York and Pennsylvania, and later in the States of the Ohio territory.

The result was that from the beginning there was impressed on your young State, even now hardly more than a half century old, a character and quality which it has maintained and strengthened, which has made of it, and will hereafter make of it in still larger degree, a center of moral power, not only over the country but over the world. The elder President Dwight, one of the wisest of men, perhaps the most illustrious name in the illustrious roll of American College Presidents, used to say that every American College got in its first eight years the character which it always afterward retained.

It is one of the most wonderful things in our history that the separate States of this Union, having so much in common, have yet kept so completely their original and individual characteristics.

Every man who has studied the history or watched the political life of our older States will be astonished, not so much by their resemblance as by their difference. Rhode

Island, held in the hollow of the hand of Massachusetts; Connecticut, so placed that one would think she would become a province of New York; Delaware, whose chief city is but twenty-five miles from Philadelphia; yet preserve their distinctive characteristics as if they were Nations of the Continent of Europe, whose people speak a different language. This shows how perfectly State Rights and state freedom are preserved in spite of our National union, how little the power at the center interferes with the important things that affect the character of the people! Why is it that little Delaware remains Delaware in spite of Pennsylvania, and little Rhode Island remains Rhode Island notwithstanding her neighbor Massachusetts, and Vermont and Connecticut are still Vermont and Connecticut notwithstanding their neighbor New York?

It is the wonderful spirit of American Freedom. No child bred in any American household more surely exhibits in the maturity of manhood or womanhood the temper and character that were born in him, or were impressed on him in his earliest childhood, in spite of all the experience of fortune in after life; in spite of occupation or companionship or dwelling-place, than the American State, which remains in general what she was in the beginning. This is the secret of American history.

> What makes the meadow flower its bloom unfold?
> Because the lovely little flower is free
> Down to its roots, and in that freedom bold.
> And so the grandeur of the forest tree
> Comes not from casting in a formal mould,
> But from its own divine vitality.

Our States, in general, have like Institutions and Constitutions. They are a part of one and the same National life. They have the same traditions of Constitutional Liberty and of Constitutional Law. Yet there are also differences among them, almost as marked and emphatic as those that prevail

in the States of Europe, whose people do not speak the same language and are not sprung from the same race. Men grow old in political life in Massachusetts who could not have maintained themselves for a year in New York. They have political dissensions in New Hampshire, with her small majorities, which would rend any party asunder in Vermont or Massachusetts. I suppose you have had like experiences already in the Northwest, and that they will be more marked and noticeable still as time goes on.

I think our generation does not adequately comprehend the importance of treating a State, or Town, or City, as a moral being with character, and affections, and principles, and influence, and history, instead of a mere aggregation of human beings to be reckoned by numbers. Our ancestors recognized the American States as equals in these qualities, and did not apportion political power according to the mere brute force of numbers. Who would think of having a Confederacy to which all Europe should belong, in which Switzerland, or Holland, or Sweden should vote in proportion to numbers in the same body with Russia, or Turkey? If there had been such a league or confederacy, in ancient times, who would have thought of having Athens, or Sparta, belong to a confederacy with Persia or Egypt, and having a vote in proportion to numbers? The fact that a City or State or Town is a moral being, with a life of its own and a quality of its own is one of the secrets of Constitutional Liberty. It is the secret of the great things which have been wrought out in political life in all human history. The fact that you think of your Country, or your State, or your City, as you do of your mother, as an individual, is what makes you love her and ready to die for her. I have often thought, what indeed I have said more than once elsewhere, that it is this individual quality, this moral quality which men in free States attribute to the State or the Country, that creates all there is of value in a Country's history. The citizen has a conception of the moral character of his Country, and that conception inspires

him with the same moral qualities, whether they be noble or base. I like to believe that the moral quality of the Country or State is better than that of the average individual citizen. Switzerland is better than the individual Swiss. France is better than the individual Frenchman. America is higher and nobler than the individual American. When the French soldiers marched with Napoleon through Europe overthrowing all her kingdoms and powers, to the tune of the Marseillaise—"Sons of France awake to glory!"—it was the master passion of France, the mother, that inspired her sons. At the end of that march forty centuries looked down on her from the pyramids. But one day in Trafalgar Bay they met the children of another mother, of a very different moral quality and character, inspired by a very different sentiment. To them Nelson gave his immortal signal—"England expects every man to do his duty." Duty-loving England and glory-loving France met in that deadly conflict, as they have met on many a battle field before and since, and then as ever, the lover of duty proved the stronger. The England that expected every man to do his duty was as real a being to the humblest sailor in Nelson's fleet as the mother that bore him. It is this that has made England; it is this that has made Massachusetts; it is this that has made little Rhode Island; it is this that has made Virginia; it is this that has made Iowa. And it is this that inspires her children with filial love!

The highest love of Country is developed and strengthened, and not weakened, by local attachment. The man who loves his household best is the best neighbor. The man who loves his household and his neighbor best is the best citizen for Town or City. The man who loves his Town or City best loves his State best. The man who loves his Town and City and State best loves his Country best.

This is a matter, as I said, of immense practical importance to this generation. The attempt lately made to substitute for the State, with its moral quality, and its moral being and its individual history, meeting with its forty-four or fifty

fellows to govern this Republic in National matters, a mere aggregation of numbers, to have two popular branches, both selected by the people, differing only in the size of the constituency, is the first, and most insidious, and most dangerous attempt to overthrow the Constitution. Other amendments have been amendments of mere mechanism, or have been amendments designed to secure individual and personal rights. But this proposed amendment of the Constitution of the Senate goes deeper, and is the first great change ever proposed in the principle on which the Constitution is founded. The Senate and the Supreme Court of the United States are the two great contributions of this Country to human progress, as far as it is written and secured in Constitutional Governments.

I am, I believe, as ardent a lover of my Country as anyone. I do not believe that I love her better than do any of you. But I do not think that it would be possible for any of us to love Russia or China or Turkey as we love America.

As soon as a free State has existed long enough to have a history that history itself becomes a powerful and commonly, a conservative force. A great history begets a great history. It repeats itself. Everything upon which the eyes of the child have opened is full of high and stimulant counsel. The soldiers'-monument, the battle ground, the legislative chamber, the scene of some civic victory, the venerable figures of survivors of a past generation,—all these are inspirers and instructors of the youth. They train up the child in the way he should go better than any creed or catechism. Then comes the influence which we were apt to think of with alarm and dread, but which I incline to think is really among the most hopeful signs for the future of the people. That is the mixture of other races. Look for a moment at one element of our American citizenship which until very lately we have been more afraid of than any other. We are coming now to know better. We have had it in the East in larger numbers than you have. But it constitutes a large and important proportion of the Western population also, especially in the cities, to which everywhere political power is passing. It is the element known as the Celtic. The other great component elements in our immigration, the English and the Scotch and the Germans and the Scandinavian, resemble the American of English stock in moral quality. They are in general, as we are, Protestants in religion. They mingle readily and at once with the life which they find here. So we have never viewed their coming with much alarm. But to the element known as the Celtic some different considerations apply.

I should have about the same thing to say whether I were to speak of Iowa alone, or of the Northwest alone, or of the whole Country, leaving out the Negro, to whom special and distinct considerations apply.

It is a curious fact that the white people of this country today are made up of about the same elements in about the same proportion as that of Great Britain when the Pilgrims came over, and when she begun her great career of Empire and glory under Elizabeth. The Scandinavian and the German and the Norman and the Saxon and the Celt have been mingled more than once when great movements of races have taken place. In each case the result of the mixture has been about the same.

What I have just said, that the power or influence of States or Cities or Towns in the political life of a Nation is by no means in proportion to mere numbers, is true of races as it is also true of individual men.

So far the chief acquisitions to the population of this Country, from the mighty tide of immigration from 1869 to 1900 except the English, have been from three sources: Scandinavian, coming from Sweden, Norway and Denmark; German, and the Celtic, represented chiefly by the Irish.

The tide of modern immigration began to set in to this Country about 1840. But our statistical statement must begin in 1869, because the Census records do not furnish us with the facts accurately before that time. Doubtless the pro-

portions would not be materially changed if the whole period could be included.

Of this immigration the powerful and influential elements, beyond all question, are the English, Irish, German and the Scandinavian. The Englishman has brought with him, so far as race is concerned, about the same average quality he found here. The contribution of the Scandinavian and German elements, though each has its own special and most valuable quality, has a strong family likeness to that of the English or Anglo Saxon.

Of the immigrants to the United States from 1821 to 1900, which we will call, in round numbers, twenty million, five million came from Germany, four million from Ireland, one and one-half million from Norway, Sweden and Denmark, and about three million from Great Britain. But of the one million which came from Canada, a considerable number have doubtless been Irishmen for whom Canada has been but the gateway to the United States.

In the whole country the white persons of foreign birth or parentage constitute one-third of the population, and constitute about one-half in the Northern States,—a little more than one-half in the Atlantic section, and a little less than one-half in the Northern, Central and Western divisions.

In 1900 Iowa had 2,231,853;

Of which . . . . 1,274,311 were of native parentage;

And . . . . . 957,542 were of foreign parentage.

Nobody can tell exactly, but nearly or quite twenty-one million immigrants have come into this country within living memory. If they were alive now, they would make a great and mighty Nation, able to hold their own against any power in the world. I am not sure that they could not hold it against the powers of the world combined. I trust they will never be inclined to hold what is not their own.

What brought them across the sea? Undoubtedly our great natural resources had something to do with it. But the natural resources of South America are as great as ours, and yet the

immigrants do not go there. It was not a community of religious faith that attracted them. A large part of our immigration till very lately has been of conscientious and devoted Catholics. Yet they come to a Protestant Country. It was not merely our rich and fertile fields or cheap lands that brought them here. Canada has a territory larger than ours; her lands are cheaper. She has still vast fields fit for wheat uncultivated and unredeemed. Yet her chief seaports have been till very lately but gateways on one route from Europe to the United States. A majority of the natives of Canada are in the United States at this moment. The immigrants would not go to our Southern States where Slavery once existed and where it has left race hatred behind. The one thing that brought these men here, perhaps half unconsciously to themselves, is three or four little sentences Thomas Jefferson wrote, and the fathers of the republic signed:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men,deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That,whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

When our fathers laid that corner-stone for the State, they meant to make for the Nations of the earth, without distinction of race or rank, a city of refuge—"A city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

In what I am about to say of the quality of the Celt as a contribution to our National life, I am certainly moved by no prejudice in his favor, so far certainly as the Irishman is to be taken as his representative.

The Irishmen in America are in general obedient and loyal children of the great church which for ages has preserved the ancient faith, demanding in spiritual things the submission alike of the human will and the human intellect to her authority, whose history reaches back to a past which would be forgotten but for the memory she has preserved of it; and if the prediction of the greatest of English historians be true, is not unlikely to survive all forms of religious faith in a far distant future.

I, on the contrary, both by birth and by conviction, am a Protestant of Protestants, a Puritan of Puritans, a heretic of heretics.

The American Irishmen, most of them, though not all, are enthusiastic members and supporters of the great party to which they adhere after years of defeat and disaster, a party scarcely ever, for a hundred years, in power in the Commonwealth where I dwell. I have spent the best part of a political life, not now a brief one, in encountering that party to the utmost of my power. I will not claim that I have done it with much ability. But certainly I have cried aloud and spared not.

The Irishman in America is descended from the race on whose neck the iron heel of England has been for eight hundred years. Neither distance nor persecution, nor poverty nor oppression has destroyed nor diminished his noble and burning love for the island from which he or his forefathers came.

I, on the other hand, am of the English race in every line of descent that I can trace for three hundred years. The instinct of race is in my bosom, as it is in his. With all her faults, and with all her wrongs, I love England still.

I want to talk chiefly of the contribution of that race to our mighty alchemy. I should get very quickly and very far beyond my depth if I were to undertake to trace the race which is known as Celtic to its origin in the heart of Asia. But it has entered into many great Nations. It has kept its

quality wonderfully wherever you findit, in whatever National life it is mingled. The Irishman in Ireland is by common consent the purest characteristic example of it in existence today. The word "Celt" is said by some authors to mean, warrior, by others it is said to mean, woodsman, or dweller in the woods. The Celt has entered, (as I just said,) into many great nations. Wherever he goes, he takes his quality with him. He is always the mint in the julep.

Mr. Ridgway, in his delightful book, just out, The Early Greeks,maintains that the Achaians were Celts, and that from them came the Athenians. The Celtic was a large component part of the early Italian. They mingled largely in the Celtiberi, a people of northern Spain, whom Hannibal found it hard to conquer, and who gave the Romans more trouble than any other antagonist. They contributed a large element to the Helvetii or early Swiss. They made several migrations into Britain. They were there before Caesar. They settled the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland and Wales, and Cornwall and Cumberland. That probably accounts for the fact that although France and England were hereditary and age-long enemies, there was always a kindly feeling between the Frenchman and the Irishman and the Scotch Highlander.

The Celtic languages have been kept alive down to this day. The Irish or Gaelic in Scotland and theWestern Islands, and the Manx in the Isle of Man, make one variety. The Cornish as a spoken language has perished within a century. Another branch of the Celtic language, the Britannic, is divided into the Welch and the Armoric in Brittany. The Celtic is said to be much nearer akin to French than to English.

The Celts seem everywhere, to a superficial view, to be a losing race. But everwhere, in the quality they impart, they have conquered their conquerors. Among all the great races, none was ever more distinguished for valor, for profound religious feeling, for acute sensibility, for humor and for tender sympathy. They have been wonderful fighters, from Charlemagne down to Wellington and Montgomery and Andrew

Jackson and Phil Sheridan. They have been wonderful orators, as witness Burke and Sheridan and Grattan and Curran and Plunket. They have always made a brave and long and sullen resistence when they were overcome by a superior force. They never would stay whipped. They preserved, under adversity and under the heel of oppression, for centuries long, their sublime and unconquerable discontent. They always had the same pertinacity that the Spaniards imputed to us in the late war. Instead of retiring when they were beaten, as any gentleman should, they kept straight on.

It is wonderful to the student who looks at history over long spaces, and not merely over short ones, to see how the conquered in these race-struggles seems to be the conqueror always. This has been true of the other great races as of the Celt. The Jew for eighteen hundred years was an outcast among mankind. The Roman sacked and destroyed Jerusalem. They were scattered over Europe. They were everywhere the scum and outcasts of mankind.

"They lived in alley foul and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

"Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

"Pride and Humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them thro' the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the Continent."

And yet, after nineteen centuries, the Jew is foremost in Europe in two great arts—in music and on the stage. We have seen the Kings and Emperors of the world tremble

before the financial despot who sits in the Jewish counting-room. We see him prevent or bring on wars, maintain or overthrow Dynasties. We have seen one of that despised and accursed race lashing all England to his feet, lord and landed gentry, trader and manufacturer and politician. We have seen another the foremost orator and statesman of Spain.

We like, we Yankees, to call ourselves Anglo-Saxons. And we have some right, I think, to be proud of the Anglo-Saxon fibre, the steadfast nature that does not flinch, but stands square in its tracks—what the Concord farmers in my boyhood used to call "stuffy." That is what we think of when we use the phrase "Anglo-Saxon." But there is a good deal of Celt in that. Beddoe says in his history of Europe that it may be doubted whether the Anglo-Saxon, when they came to England in the fifth century, were anything like a homogeneous race. They got mixed again when they got there. Ripley says that long before the advent of the Saxons there were several distinct physical types in Roman Britain. There was a good deal of porridge in the English pot when the Saxon broth was poured into it.

Chambers says, in the Encyclopedia, that the Anglo-Saxon is a general name for the Teutonic element in the ethnology of Britain, an element now so largely mixed with the Celtic as to be practically almost indistinguishable.

It is now recognized, says Stanley Hall, by all the best authorities that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors of Britain did not slaughter the Celtic natives or exterminate them to any remarkable extent; hence the Celtic element in the modern Englishman and his descendents who people New England and the southern states is very large indeed. The value of race intermixture as a producer or nurturer of genius, says the same author, is now widely recognized in the scientific world.

Of the twenty-six Presidents of the United States, fifteen were of English origin, an origin which has this great ad-

mixture of the Celtic in it. In one the Welshman, in two the Dutchman, in three the Scotchman, and in five the Scotch-Irishman is predominant.

In Professor Giddings' analysis of the population of the United States according to race, he says the English temperament is represented by about one-third, the prevailing Irish by about 29 per cent., and the prevailing Scotch by about 19 per cent. This percentage, not of course precise, is, as he thinks, an indication of the influence upon American life and character of these racial tendencies.

Just two hundred years ago, Daniel Defoe, whose Robinson Crusoe is still the delight of generous boys, published the "Trueborn Englishman," in which, in his inimitable way, he derided and turned to ridicule the claim of the blue blood of that day to its title of nobility.

"For Englishmen to boast of generation
Cancels their knowledge and lampoons the nation.
A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.
And here begins the ancient pedigree
That so exalts our poor nobility.
'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with Norman the bastard did arrive.
The trophies of the families appear.
Some show the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did wear.
These in the herald's register remain
Their noble mean extraction to explain;
Yet who the hero was no man can tell,
Whether a drummer or a colonel;
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended, dark original.
These are the heroes that despise the Dutch
And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
Forgetting that themselves are all derived

From the most scoundrel race that ever lived;
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns;
The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought,
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains,
Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.
And, lest by length of time it be pretended
The climate may this modern breed have mended,
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.
We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she
Voids all her offal outcast progeny.
For ages, fugitives from neighboring lands
Have here a certain sanctuary found;
The eternal refuge of the vagabond,
Wherein but half a common age of time
Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime,
Proudly they learn all mankind to condemn,
And all their race are true-born Englishmen."

Matthew Arnold, the most delicate and fastidious of critics, finds that much of the finer quality in English literature is due to this Celtic element. He says:—

"There is a Celtic influence in English as well as a Germanic element, and this influence manifested itself in our spirit and our literature. English literature has got much of its turn for style, much of its melancholy, and nearly all of its natural magic from Celtic sources."

If there be one lesson in which all authorities are agreed, it is that the greatest Nations are made up of a mingling of races. The Celt not only had kept the purity of his blood in Ireland, but, in spite of Saxon and Norman and Dane, he was still the largest single part of England. Now, in this

mighty chemistry, whose processes are age long, whose cauldrons are Continents, the elements do not mingle without effervescence and strife. Conflicts of religion, the struggle for political mastery, the hatred of race, the scorn of the gentleman for the inferior, the sullen anger of poverty toward wealth, all keep the great mass in what, after all, is a healthy activity. But still, time, the great reconciler, does his sure work. When the Nation becomes one people, you have common interests and common loves and common fears. The same stars look down on them. They worship the same God. They hope for the same heaven. Sunset and sunrise, spring and autumn, summer and winter, speak the same lesson to the soul. The noblest of human passions—love of country—burns alike in every bosom. The boys and girls go to the same school and the same college. Prosperity and adversity, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, come to all alike. As civilization and wealth grow, they come to read the same books and to think the same thoughts. They follow the same flag. They stand side by side on the same battle fields. The kindly charities of life melt the ice. The touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, makes one family of them also. And then the magnet that is in every boy's bosom, sets the needle trembling in the bosom of the girl—the same needle that responded to the same magnet when Adam saw his bride on waking from his first sleep. Cupid is ever the strongest of the gods. The races intermarry. The priest and the minister strive in vain to keep them apart. Indeed, the good fellows cannot keep asunder themselves when they once get acquainted.

The good priest thinks Larry McHale the pride of the flock. He has made a good boy of Larry. The good old father has taught him to obey his father and mother, to honor the church, and to pay his dues, to love the flag and to abhor all heresy. At last Larry goes to the war, and is the best and bravest soldier in his company. He gets to be Corporal and Sergeant. When they charged up the hill at El

Caney, he got to the top first, and ran down so far on the other side among the Spaniards that Roosevelt had to call him back. Larry comes home with a wound and a medal.

The deacon and the deacon's wife had brought up Susan in the strictest faith of the Congregational church. She could say the Ten Commandments when she was five years old. She learned the Catechism when she got bigger. She belongs to the Bible Class and knows the five points of Calvinism and the whole Scheme of Salvation. She has been strictly enjoined to beware of the Scarlet Lady.

The Deacon, and the Deaconess, and Susan stand at the window when Larry McHale goes by, with his dêvil-may-care look. Susan looks demure, as pretty Susans always do, as the old folks sniff at the young Paddy—

"But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry;
He has laughed on the lass with his bonnie blue eye.
Sweet Susan is missing; she has heard a love tale;
And the youth it was told by was Larry McHale."

Ah! my friends, God has joined us together. God has joined us together, Patrick and Jonathan, Betsy and Nora. And whom He has joined together, no man can put asunder.

We are talking, as I said, not of this afternoon, nor of this week, nor this year, but of ages and centuries. We are talking of periods of time within which, as we hope and believe, this Republic of ours, if its foundations in liberty and self-government be not shaken, is to increase and multiply again its strength and wealth, perhaps as it has multiplied them in the century that has just gone by. The young giant is still in his infancy.

Now, I think we can affirm without doubt, if history teach us anything, that the greatest and strongest nations always have been and always will be those that are constantly getting new blood from an unbroken stream of immigration.

The great races assert their qualities, no matter how

adverse in the beginning may be their conditions. The peasant, the serf, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, the lower social stratum; not the gentleman of blue blood, not the ruler, not the aristocrat, gives character to the Nation, and in the end becomes the dominant power. The staying and growing and mastering quality has been shown by the Celtic race, wherever it has been found. If the Celt has been oppressed in Ireland, the Celt has given very largely the strength to England that has enabled her to oppress him.

Carlyle gives one of his characteristic snarls at the Irishman who lurks by the gate, whom the driver of the coach lashes with his whip. Let him snarl! Let him snarl! The Irishman will be there long after the coach is upset, and the liveried menial on the box has lost his hold of the reins.

The first time I heard Wendell Phillipps, he began his lecture by an account of the Saxon in England in the time of Richard Coeur de Leon, as he appeared in the forest scene with which Scott, the delight of all generous boyhood, opens his wonderful story of Ivanhoe. The scene is in the forest in the heart of England, where there are two men tending swine, each with a collar about his neck. One is the swineherd, the other a poor menial jester. The collars bear the inscription: "Gurth, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon; Wamba, the born thrall of Cedric the Saxon." Cedric the Saxon was almost as much an object of scorn and contempt to the haughty Norman when he went to court, as his Saxon bond-slave Gurth and Wamba were to him. But where is the collar now? And where is the Saxon?

There is one thing in which the Celt has shown, in his purest existing type, the modern Irishman, that he has no superior in history. Everywhere the great virtues are the great loves. Everywhere the great virtues, the corner-stone virtues of the State, of all human society are the great loves; love of Country, love of woman, love of home. Was there ever an example of these like that given to mankind by the poor Irish immigrant of half a century ago? There were ten

or eleven years in which the population of Ireland fell off one-fourth. But the migration, nearly all to the United States, amounted to two million people. It was ascertained by official inquiry in England that these immigrants were sending home the enormous sum of five million dollars every year to enable father and mother and brother and sister to follow them to their new country, or to live in comfort in the old. When we think of the poverty of that people, and their scant wages, building our railroads for us at sixty cents a day, I believe there can be found no other like example in the world of a generosity so magnificent.

Certainly we may fairly think of this matter as affected by long periods of time, and not by short ones. Our anxiety as to the permanence of the Republic has gone by. It would be presumptuous to make a confident prediction for the future of anything in this world. But if there be anything that will abide, we have a right to hope that the Republic will abide. It has already outlasted kingdoms and thrones and dynasties and forms of governments in the old world. The simple mechanism which is at the bottom of our New England communities,—the Town and the Parish, whose origin no man can discover, have performed the same important functions of Government in simple and democratic majesty, now for nearly three hundred years, while the map of Europe has many times changed; while Empire has succeeded Republic, and Republic has succeeded Empire, while the powers of England and Germany and Russia have grown to their present magnitude, and the power of Spain has disappeared.

It is agreed, I say, by all the best authorities, first that the greatest nations are made up of a mixture of races; second, that the great race have often been for generations subjected by other races, which in the end turned out to be inferior in the qualities of manhood that make permanent National strength. The great dominating races have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to the weaker in their time. But they have made their way; third, that among the great races, that

which has shown the greatest quality of endurance and staying power, is the Celtic; fourth, that when Great Britain, at the accession of Elizabeth, began the great career which led her to the primacy among mankind, her people were made up of the same elements, in about the same proportions as our people, leaving out the Negro, are today; fifth, and especially that the predominating power in that mixture which makes up New England, are what we are apt, without much historic accuracy, to call the Anglo-Saxon race, has derived its quality from the Celt; sixth, the Irishman never yet accepted contentedly the role of serf. Through his long subjection he has kept his sublime discontent, which is to prevail at length.

In our relation with our Irish fellow citizens, we have, unhappily, mingling with so much that is delightful, memories both here and in England, growing out of religious differences. Thank God they are fast passing away.

But one thing we want to do now for ourselves in dealing with one another is is forget the things which make for strife, and cultivate the things that make for peace. Let us study one another's history. Let us dwell side by side in the same neighborhood.

> To each other's faults a little blind,
> And to each other's virtues very kind.

I was about to say, let us obliterate and forget all the wrongs of by-gone days and of old countries. There are just complaints in plenty, if we need to dwell on them, that each can make of the other. The Irishman can tell us, if he will, of the century-long oppressions under which that beautiful Island of his love has suffered, of manufacture destroyed, of tribute exacted, of peasants kept in ignorance and poverty, of holy clergyman affronted, of the patriot sent into exile or to the scaffold. He can point nearer home to the burning of the Charlestown convent, and the plug-ugly riots in Baltimore, and the terrible slaughters in New Orleans.

We can retort, if we like, with the Spanish Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the fires of Smithfield.

We have been all alike. He has been as bad as we. And we have been as bad as he.

I was about to say that we should forget all these things. We cannot forget them, for one conclusive reason. We cannot forget martyrdom, because we cannot forget the martyrs. I do not tell the Irishman to forget Castlereagh. If he do, he must forget Emmett. I cannot tell him to forget the Act of Union. For if he do, he must forget Grattan.

In the mysterious and inscrutable providence of God, right and wrong, heroism and baseness, liberty and despotism, seem inextricably blended. One cannot, in the nature of things, exist but by the other. If there had been no Athenian mob, there would have been no Socrates. If there had been no George the Third, there would have been no Washington. If there had been no slavery, there would have been no liberation. If there had been no Rebellion, there would have been no Lincoln.

I have not undertaken in this hour to speak of the Negro element in our National life. That needs its separate and special consideration. I have spoken only of races that are willing to meet each other as equals, to marry with each other, and that are strong enough to hold their own against each other, if the occasion require. The Negro differs from the rest of us in the fact that he is physically adapted to a different climate, and that he was brought here by crime and violence. There is only a portion of our States, growing constantly smaller in proportion to the whole, in which in general he is willing to live. There are almost insuperable natural barriers against his intermarriage with white races. He is still the object in many quarters of a fierce race hatred, and almost everywhere of a wicked race prejudice. We have not yet learned to deal justly, on terms of absolute equality, with the African or the Asiatic. Men like to say that this is a white man's country, and they like to act as if this were a

white man's Christianity, and a white man's Golden Rule, and a white man's Justice. But I believe that the Golden Rule, the Religion of Christ, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, will, in God's good time, settle this problem for us also. For myself, the longer I live I am the more strengthened in the belief—a belief which I have entertained from my youth, and which came to me with the blood I inherited,—that man as God created him, if he be left in Freedom, may be trusted with self-government.

You will, I hope, be assured that I do not fail to speak of the relation of the Negro, or the Oriental, to the white element in our National life because I underrate the importance of the topic, or from any purpose on my part to flinch from it. There is no time to deal with it adequately here, if the occasion were otherwise fitting.

To deal manfully after a Christian and American fashion with a race which many men account inferior, is still the great and commanding duty of the hour and of the generation. It is no longer a sectional question, if it ever were. In the matter of mob violence, Illinois and Kansas are guiltier than Mississippi. It was a Massachusetts voice that pronounced the late judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States to the effect that the right of ten million of our fellow citizens to a share in the government of the Republic is in the end a political question, with which the Court that expounds and enforces the Constitution in all other matters has nothing to do. So that Mr. Chief Justice Lynch is now the highest authority in this Republic on all judicial questions either of the civil or political rights of the Negro.

No man, no people, lives always up to its ideal. We have fallen sadly short of ours. The centrifugal forces seem to be at work just now. But I am very confident that the attraction of the eternal gravitation will assert its power again, and that the Nation in its larger orbit will sweep round, true to the law the Creator established, in which it must live or bear no life.

Our knowledge of the effect upon National, and upon individual character, of what is called heredity is yet in its infancy. It is perhaps the most interesting field which science will hereafter explore. For such research and exploration we are to look to the University. But she can only tell us what she finds written on pages to which she has herself made no contribution. What we have been speaking of so far is physical, material and natural. It is the product of an evolution, of which every individual has been the subject before his birth, and which has come to every nation and generation from its ancestors or predecessors. General Garfield said:

"Who shall estimate the effect of these latent forces enfolded in the spirit of the new-born child,—forces that may date back centuries and find their origin in the life and thought and deeds of remote ancestors,—forces, the germs of which, enveloped in the awful mystery of life, have been transmitted silently from generation to generation, and never perish. All-christening nature, provident and unforgetting, gathers up these fragments that nothing may be lost, but that all may ultimately reappear in new combinations, which new life is thus 'the heir of all the ages.' "

But side by side with this power there has come down from the beginning of history another, with which heredity has little to do, and which Science cannot explain. That is the moral and spiritual side of man's nature. To that the University to which the youth of the State resort for its instruction, is the chief creator and contributor. Of that electric energy, she is a great power-house.

The function of the University is to declare that the most impracticable things in this world are, after all, the most practical; that the greatest reality is that which is ideal. You may trace the career of man on this planet to the very beginning of history. You may trace it back with Darwin to the monkey and the mollusk, and the grass, or with Emerson to the day—

> When the poor grass doth plot and plan
> What it will do when it is a man.

But the most important force in human history is that of which Darwin has nothing to say, and which Science does not explain.

There is a spiritual lineage for which the professor of biology does not account, and which his laboratory does not enable him to analyze. The naturalist tells us that this race of ours rose from the dead inorganic matter to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, from the animal to the human, and from the savage to the civilized man. If what he has to say be all of it, our existence on this earth is a pitiful failure. It seems as if modern Science in destroying the framework and setting in which imagination has painted to us the beauty and the glory of the great doctrine of Immortality, has destroyed everything in which we can find comfort, either in memory or in hope. But Science has not in the least helped us to explain another force,—the spiritual side of man. Beside the pedigree of the physical and animal life there is the pedigree of the spirit. We like to find it as we trace the descent of our splendid youth of 1861 from the men and women of the Revolution, and to trace their descent from the men and women of the great Pilgrim days in the inheritance of lineage and of blood. But it is not confined to that inheritance. What has modern Science to tell us of those forces, which burst the limitations of race, which break the chains of habit, and are more powerful than the inherited physical and natural forces of all generations? Tell me, my biological friend, if you can, why is it that every man and woman in this audience would rather die than have his neighbor believe he has done a base action, even if he will never suffer an atom thereby? You will not find that explained in any encyclopedia. What was it that made the Pilgrims cross the sea on that bleak and stormy winter voyage, and yet when the larger part of them died the first winter no man of the survivors went back in the ship to England in the spring. What was it that led your boys to give their lives for their country in that terrible four years of Civil War when nearly

every household in Iowa was in mourning for its dead, and yet scarcely a household in Iowa repented the sacrifice? There was a wireless telegraphy that came down across the ages from the men of Marathon and Thermopylæ to the men of the Mayflower, and from the men of the Mayflower to the men of the Revolution, and from the men of the Revolution to our youth of 1861.

It is not everywhere on earth that the receiving stations of these signals are to be found. Thank God, who has not confined them to any single Nation or to any single color or to any single Continent. There was a spot in South Africa a year or two ago where a race of Dutch farmers were able to comprehend the message. I trust there are some men left in the United States who have ears to hear.

When you have come to explain this, how this force from the souls of the heroes of old can come to you or to me, or to your children or to mine, you will have solved the great problem of human history and of human destiny. They dug up a few years ago, in some of their researches in Greece, the bodies of three hundred and ninety Greek youths who fell in the battle of Chaeronæa, where the power of the Democracy went down, whose fearful news cost the life of the aged Isocrates,—

> "That dishonest victory
> At Chaeronæa, fatal to Liberty,
> Killed with report that old man eloquent."

They found the bodies of these youths buried side by side, with their rings and their chains about them, adorned as for a banquet. Judging from the formation of the bones, every one of them was under twenty-five years old. They found the broken ribs and the marks of the sword-thrust, or spear-thrust. What was it, what was it that led these youths to go as cheerfully to their deaths as to their marriage feast? There is something in this about which Science has not told us.

There is something in this which does not belong to the Celt or the Saxon or the Scandinavian or the Norman or the Teuton. Neither the Englishman nor the American has an exclusive property in it. Indeed, the despised Asiatic, so far as we trace its origin, first taught it to mankind. The white man and the black man and the red man and the brown man can feel it. It eludes the professor in his analysis and the biologist in his laboratory.

There is one essential difference between the things which belong to our physical nature and come to us by descent, and those which belong to the spiritual nature, and which come to us we know not how, although, unless we disavow the general belief of mankind, they have come to us in different ages authenticated by direct revelation from the Creator. The former are the result of a growth and evolution from a period far beyond the time of authentic history. The latter were born full grown. They were as perfect, though it may be not so well understood, in the morning of creation, as they are today. If you were to read of Washington in Plutarch there would be no sense that he was out of place. He would still be the most perfect of Plutarch's men. If you were to read of him in the first chapter of Genesis you would have said that, like Enoch, he walked with God and should be translated. If you were to read of him on the page that tells the story of Alfred, or the Bruce, or St. Louis of France or the greatest and best of the men of the Hebrew Commonwealth, there would be no feeling that he did not belong to his age, but only that there was a better and purer and greater Alfred, or Bruce, or St. Louis, or Hebrew Monarch. So, I believe there never will be a period in all coming time when a character like that of Washington will excite a sense of incongruity, or of antiquity, but only the natural feeling that a character of supreme excellence has been bestowed by God upon man.

Let it be the office of the University to select with unerring judgment and taste from Literature and Science what

will be perennial and eternal, and send out her pupils equipped with these. Let her so train her children that their ears will be open to the voice of all ages, and that they shall feel themselves alike the companions and the competitors of the great of all time.

The moral and spiritual laws, whether they teach the rule of conduct to man or to nations, abide alike eternal and unchangeable. They are as true today as in the beginning. They were as true in the beginning as today. The world may leave them and depart from them. But they abide, immovable, until the world come back to them. The clouds may hide them from our sight. But these eternal constellations are in their places. They make their sublime affirmations and utter their sublime mandates to all mankind alike, and to all generations. There is no color line in them, no race in them, no continent, no hemisphere, no parallel of latitude, no point of the compass. They are too high-born to be propertied. They are the birthright of the Negro and of the Filipino, as they are yours and mine.

The fate of the nation depends in the last resort on individual character. Everything in human government, like everything in individual conduct, depends, in the end, upon the sense of duty. Whatever safeguards may be established, however complicated or well adjusted the mechanism, you come to a place somewhere where safety depends upon somebody having the will to do right when it is in his power and may seem to be his interest to do wrong. When the people were considering the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, one of our wisest statesmen said that the real and only security for a Republic is when the rulers have the same interest as the people. If they have not, Constitutional restraints will break down somewhere, except for the sense of duty of the rulers.

All elections depend upon this principle. You may multiply election officers and returning boards, you may provide for an appeal to courts of first resort or last resort. But in

the end you must come somewhere to a point where the sense of public duty is stronger than party spirit, or your election is but a sort of fighting, or, if not that, a sort of cheating. The same thing is true of the individual voter, and of the legislator who is to elect the Senator, and the Governor who is to appoint the Judge, or the Executive Officer, and the Judge who is to interpret the Constitution or the Statute and decide the cause, and the juror who is to find the fact. On these men depend the safety and the permanence of the Republic. On these men depend Life, Liberty and Property. And yet each of them has to make that choice. Each has to decide whether he will be influenced by ambition or by party spirit or the desire for popular favor or the fear of popular disfavor or the love of money, on the one side, or by the sense of duty on the other.

So, in the last resort, the destiny of the Republic, like the destiny of the individual (and, in the case of an individual, character, and destiny are the same thing), depends upon individual will. Will the individual will choose what is right and not what is wrong? Now this choice is largely affected by what we call strength of will; by that habit of the soul which enables man to adhere to its deliberate purposes and principles, formed when reason is unaffected by passion or by desire, against the pressure and excitement of an immediate demand; that character of will which, as Wordsworth says in his "Happy Warrior"—

> "In the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what it foresaw."

The great single purpose of moral education, must be to induce the will to adhere to its general, permanent and deliberately conceived purpose, in spite of the motives which appeal to it with special strength at the time of the choice or action. In other words, it is to give a strength to resolution which will overcome the strength of temptation.

To teach this to the youth of the Republic is the great duty of the University. The final purpose of all scholarship, as of all life, is character. If the University be the handmaid of Science, Science herself is but the handmaid of the Soul. The lover of truth is but a poor serf if he do not know that in the great feudal system this is the Sovereign before whom all Truth, all Science, all Knowledge, all Art are but the chief vassals and officers of the court.

The University must choose what she will teach her children, and her sons must choose whether they will learn and practice her lesson. Whether we accept the doctrine of the old Theology, that everything that comes to man by descent cometh of evil, and that neither man nor nation can escape an inexorable doom but by putting off and trampling under foot the old Adam with his deeds; we must at least believe that the great virtues, Justice, Veracity, Unselfishness, Courage, lie at the foundation of all National and all Individual Greatness. There is no such thing as a title in any nation by inheritance to be called the chosen people of God, or as a race doomed by God to be the subjects or dependents of any other. To the larger and surer vision there is no such thing as Fortune. Justice and Freedom are the parents of Fate. Where these are we have no need to concern ourselves with what the day may bring forth. The product of the ages will be secure. The cosmic result will be the same, whatever the daily event may be. It is to this that it is the office of the University to be a perpetual witness to the youth of America. It will be their fault if they do not make their country its perpetual witness to mankind.

Son or Daughter of this noble University. Child of beautiful Iowa. The lesson your Alma Mater has taught you, it is yours to teach to your country. Your lot is fortunate beyond the lot of humanity. Everything that the intellect or the heart can crave is yours,—knowledge, high example, Christian training, Home, State, Country. Everything that heart can desire, without any merit of yours, has been done for you.

You are the heir of all the generations, and of all the ages. "He is base,—that is the one base thing in the Universe," said Charles Emerson, "to receive benefits and render none." Be it your generous ambition to repay to your country the debt you have incurred to her.

God for thee has done his part; do thine.

REMARKS BY DEAN CURRIER IN PRESENTING SENATOR HOAR FOR AN HONORARY DEGREE.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor to present to you for the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, a distinguished benefactor of education, notably in the organization of Clark University—a statesman eminent for his services to state and the nation,—always aflame with a passion for justice—defender of the weak and champion of the disinherited and dispossessed—Senator George Frisbie Hoar.

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